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EVERYGRADUATE

(HIS QUEST FOR SUCCESS)

AN ALLEGORICAL PLAYLET FOR GRADUATING
CLASSES

In Three Acts

BY

GUSTAV BLUM AND E. FERN HAGUE

OF PUBLIC SCHOOL 79, NEW YORK CITY

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PRICE, 25 CENTS

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHERS
28-30 WEST 38TH STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH LTD.
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EVERYGRADUATE.

CHARACTERS.

EVERYGRADUATE—New graduation suit, long trousers,
etc.

EVERYBODY—Long cloak with hood attached

AMBITION—(A girl) blue cloak, dress, etc.

FOLLY—(A girl) girl's gaudy red dress

EVERYMOTHER—House dress, apron, etc.

EVERYFATHER—Smoking jacket and slippers, etc.

INDUSTRY—(Work) gray cloak with silver shining
bright under costume

PERSEVERANCE—Costume of athlete, cloak to cover

TRUTH—(A girl) girl's white dress, bright cloak

KINDNESS—(A girl) girl's dress, modest

TEMPTATION—Bright red scheme

CONSCIENCE—(A nurse) typical nurse costume

FEAR—Gray scheme

FAME—Bright costume

CONCEIT—Gaudy, stiff apparel

SUCCESS—(A girl) beautiful dress, beautiful girl

(The positive Virtues wear bright colors underneath
and reversible cloaks—gray outside—the negative
Virtues the opposite.)

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EVERYGRADUATE

(HIS QUEST FOR SUCCESS)

ACT I.

SCENE—*The home. A modest cosy interior—the sitting-room. Before rise—ENTER in front of curtain*
EVERYBODY.

EVERYBODY. Good day, kind people. 'Tis well that you and I are here, for now the wheel of time has turned another cog and Everygraduate is happy. And so are you and so is Everybody. But truly, now the task is first begun and this is but beginning's end. Let us stay awhile and view what Everygraduate must betide. - Life's old, old struggle, (a thorny path through rosy bowers), is now inviting, and who must finally rejoice when Success, Everygraduate wins and who shall all the while frustrate the winning? Everybody.

(EXIT *behind curtain.*)

(*Curtain rises. EVERYMOTHER discovered sewing buttons on EVERYGRADUATE'S new shirt, cleaning his suit, etc.—at table R. EVERYFATHER sitting in rocker L. smoking or reading newspaper.*)

EVERYMOTHER. Everyfather, the day has come at last. To-morrow our dear boy, Everygraduate, leaves school. He is finished. But you do not seem very happy about it.

EVERYFATHER. Dear Everymother—I am happy

but Everyfather seldom shows how he feels. You know I am happy. But when you think all is over, you are mistaken, you know he has only begun. This is the time Everygraduate thinks he knows all there is to know, that life and his battles are fully understood by him and only by him. But dear Everymother, you know this is far from true.

EVERYMOTHER. Well, what shall we do now? Send him to business or let him continue his studies?

EVERYFATHER. The times have changed. If I am to decide, I say "Let him become either a business man or an engineer"—The professions are overcrowded and the arts barely bring enough to live on.

EVERYMOTHER. Then what do you think is best, Everyfather?

EVERYFATHER. I think—we had better leave it to him. Let him decide.

EVERYMOTHER. With our help and guidance.

EVERYFATHER. Yes, Everymother, with our help and guidance, for he may be too young to know his own mind.

EVERYMOTHER. Here he comes, let us ask him

(ENTER EVERYGRADUATE *skipping and smiling together with CONCEIT, FOLLY, and TEMPTATION.*)

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, good afternoon dear Everymother and dear Everyfather. All is arranged. We know our positions and our songs and all is ready. Is my suit in good order? How funny it will feel in long trousers. I believe I shall stumble and fall right in the middle of the room when I am called upon to receive my diploma.

EVERYFATHER. O, you'll get used to them. I did.

EVERYMOTHER. Ah, I was beginning to worry about you.

EVERYGRADUATE. Just like you, dear Everymother.

EVERYFATHER. I wasn't.

EVERYGRADUATE (*Smilingly*) And like you too, Everyfather. Ah, but I almost forgot. These are my friends—Conceit, Temptation and Folly. I want you to meet them.

EVERYMOTHER. Pleased to meet you, friends of Everygraduate.

EVERYFATHER (*Curtly*) How do you do.

EVERYGRADUATE. Folly has been my classmate right through school. He doesn't study much, but has lots of fun. Although he seems to be continually getting into trouble, Conceit is a new member of our class. He entered the class in time to graduate with us. (*aside to EVERYMOTHER and EVERYFATHER*) You'll find him a little stiff, but that's his way. And Temptation, my! what a persistent fellow.

EVERYFATHER. Well, Everygraduate, come here. I want to talk to you for a few minutes.

FOLLY. O, let's take a walk or go skating—it's fine outside.

CONCEIT. Walk? Skating? Pooh! How undignified for Everygraduate.

TEMPTATION. Yes do come, the air is bracing—and there are pretty girls in the park,—Ambition and Success.

EVERYMOTHER. Ambition and Success. You must be mistaken. I just saw them in the factory next door and later on the bridge.

EVERYFATHER (*Angrily*) But when I ask Everygraduate to listen, there is only one thing for him to do.

EVERYGRADUATE. Yes—to obey.

EVERYFATHER. The time has come when you must help us decide. We want to help you, not stand in your way.

EVERYGRADUATE. Yes, dear Everyfather. What is it?

(ENTER CONSCIENCE, *a nurse*).

EVERYFATHER. We want to know what you should like to be later in life.

EVERYMOTHER. We feel that if you choose ~~for~~ yourself, you will then win Success. We have noticed your fondness for her already.

EVERYGRADUATE. It is true, dear Everymother, I do love her—dear, sweet, Success.

CONSCIENCE. But Ambition is always with her. You can win Success only through Ambition.

CONCEIT. But is it worth while?

FOLLY. I had rather live—live—and be merry!

TEMPTATION. Yes—why worry—it doesn't pay. You know how I hate Ambition and her friend Industry, that crabbed old fellow.

EVERYFATHER. Now I must ask you all to kindly desist and not interfere. This is a family matter, for us to decide. Everygraduate, you must choose now. It is not well that you do what your heart is not in, do choose wisely and deliberately.

EVERYMOTHER. Yes--which shall it be—Business, Art or Science?

EVERYGRADUATE. I do not know—I cannot tell yet—let me wait awhile to think it over.

FOLLY. Yes, let us play awhile.

TEMPTATION. There is plenty of time to decide. Why not wait?

CONCEIT. Yes, it is not so very important a matter.

CONSCIENCE. But it *is*, Everygraduate, too important.

EVERYMOTHER *and* EVERYFATHER. Yes, Everygraduate—listen to Conscience, she is always right.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Assembly Room in School.*

(ENTER *before curtain*, EVERYBODY.)

EVERYBODY. Ah, dear friends, you are still here and wait our story's progress. 'Tis commonplace you say and tells you naught that's new. Quite true. But who is really interested in the welfare of Everygraduate. And who is concerned, even though indirectly? Everybody. (EXIT EVERYBODY.)

(ENTER R. EVERYGRADUATE—*dressed for graduation exercises together with* FEAR, FOLLY, CONCEIT *and* KINDNESS, *meeting* FAME *and* AMBITION *who are just entering* L.)

CONCEIT. (*Admiringly*) Ah, there is Fame. Oh yes, to be sure. We might expect Ambition tripping on his heels. She just dotes on him. It is either she or Success. Art thou known to him, Everygraduate?

EVERYGRADUATE. (*Rapturously*) To Fame? No, I have never been introduced.

CONCEIT. (*Pompously*) Oh, I know him well. That is—I knew him well, he may not remember me though. Shall I introduce thee?

EVERYGRADUATE. Yes, I really do want to meet him. I've been wanting to, a long time.

FEAR. No—not now. I'd rather not.

EVERYGRADUATE. What is there to be afraid of, simpleton?

FOLLY. Nothing. But what's the use. He is not always in good humor. Let us go to the play-room.

EVERYGRADUATE. No, I want to meet Fame.

KINDNESS. I know Ambition—not as Everybody knows her,—but as the sweet and faithful maiden, she

is. I shall ask her to introduce thee. (*Just then—FAME who has been talking quietly to AMBITION, takes his leave.*)

FAME. Well, au revoir, Ambition. I do not say adieu—I shall see thee oftener, now, I trust. Thou mayst expect Success too. We shall both call upon thee when thou art prepared to receive our visit.

AMBITION. You are ever welcome.

FAME. Thanks, Ambition. I must hurry now, Success who is waiting outside.

AMBITION. Thou art always with her.

FAME. Not always, but as often as I can. Though she is always with me. So long.

AMBITION. So long!

EVERYGRADUATE. You see, Fame is gone and I shall never meet him.

KINDNESS. O yes, thou shalt. There will be plenty of opportunities if thou really seekest them.

CONCEIT. I had many an opportunity.

FEAR. I don't want to meet him.

FOLLY. Nor, I, he is too worrisome.

AMBITION. Ah, good day, friends.

CONCEIT. Friends, indeed! Since when dost thou take such liberties?

FEAR. Don't quarrel, I pray you.

KINDNESS. He doesn't mean all he says, Ambition, do not judge him harshly. Have pity on his weakness.

CONCEIT. Pity is it?

FEAR. Ah, do not quarrel.

AMBITION. Conceit, I do not know thee well—nor have I any such desire. I addressed my welcome to Everygraduate.

EVERYGRADUATE. Yes, Conceit, thou must not be so rude. I have only met Ambition lately, but I like her very much.

KINDNESS. And it is well thou dost, Everygraduate.

EVERYGRADUATE. Yes, thou seest I cannot say I

love her, nor does she expect me to—dost thou, Ambition?

AMBITION. No—but thou dost like me? Thou wilt be my friend?

EVERYGRADUATE. Yes, I hereby pledge myself so.

FOLLY. Then thou must choose between us.

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, not yet, Folly. Let us talk it over.—Can't I reconcile you two?

FOLLY. No, never.

AMBITION. I think not.

CONCEIT. I believe I could, if I cared to—but I don't.

EVERYGRADUATE. But, dear Ambition, thou saidst thou wouldst introduce me to Success and perhaps to Fame, if the opportunity presented itself. When?

AMBITION. It all depends. Thou must decide that. But I expect some friends of yours, they know Success as well as I do perhaps better. They can help thee plead thy cause.

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, I do love her. It means happiness—not only for me Everygraduate but for Everymother and Everyfather too, bless them. But who are these friends?

AMBITION. Truth, Perserverance and Industry.

EVERYGRADUATE. Really?—

FOLLY. Ha, ha! A plague upon them. Long noses all. Industry indeed—since when calls he himself so—Work when I knew him—He of the gray cloak and drab complexion.

CONCEIT. Yes, Folly, it is they or we. Everygraduate must choose between us.

FEAR. Yes, they were never friendly to me. But I fear to lose Everygraduate,

(ENTER TEMPTATION)

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, just in time, Temptation. Thou shalt say. Here is Conceit, Folly and Fear, they are thy friends and mine. But now there is trouble.

I love you all. I have known you so long, but I love Ambition too. 'Tis true I do not know them as long or as well as I do you, Folly and Fear. You have been my companions through school—but now I am growing, I shall soon be a man—full grown and must think of the future. Ambition has promised to introduce me to Success—I love her. But Folly says, No, I must decide between her and the others.

TEMPTATION. I think Folly is right.

FOLLY. SEE?

FEAR. Yes, so do I.

CONCEIT. I always knew it.

EVERYGRADUATE. Can't I be friends with all?

KINDNESS. No, Everygraduate, not very well. Truth told me that the other day.

(ENTER CONSCIENCE)

TEMPTATION. Truth! What does she know? Everygraduate—give up the others. We shall stick together. Come stay with us and give up the rest—even Success.

EVERYGRADUATE. What, even Success?

KINDNESS. How unkind, Temptation!

EVERYGRADUATE. Give up Success—whom I love?

TEMPTATION. But she will only be a worry to thee, shouldst thou win her—and that is not certain, thy mind will never be at rest. Thou wilt always want more and wilt struggle—struggle, forever.

FOLLY. But with us thou canst make merry. What can thy crabbed friends offer? What pleasures, what amusements?

CONSCIENCE. Happiness—real, true happiness. What thou offerest is not happiness—it is regret and pain and appears to be what it isn't. Thou must pardon me, Everygraduate, for so boldly and rudely interrupting, but I felt I had to help thee. Every. mother expects thee early to-day.

EVERYGRADUATE. Thanks, Conscience, thou always dost break in, but I knowest thou meanest well and

for my good. Thanks, I shall see Everymother presently. Is Everyfather home too?

CONSCIENCE. Yes.

(EXIT)

(ENTER TRUTH, PERSEVERANCE, INDUSTRY.)

TRUTH. Ah, here thou art, Everygraduate, I've been seeking thee everywhere.

EVERYGRADUATE. But I knew thou wert near. I somehow felt thy presence—especially when Conscience entered.

TRUTH. Ah, here are two more friends of thine. Perseverance and Industry.

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah Perseverance, how art thou? How fresh and untiring thou lookest.

PERSEVERANCE. Yes, Everygraduate, I keep my goal always in view and so forget to get tired.

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, and good old Industry. Thou still wearest thy gray cloak.

INDUSTRY. Yes, I am too busy to have my attention detracted by a brighter color.

FOLLY. Industry, forsooth. My! what well sounding names we choose. Time was when Work was considered a worthy appellation. Industry, forsooth! Ha, Ha! (*They laugh*)

TRUTH. And a worthy name it is. But pray what matters the name?

CONCEIT. Folly, come let us go.

FEAR. Yes, you may quarrel.

TEMPTATION. Come with us, Everygraduate, we like not thy new companions.

TRUTH. Thou givest expression to our feelings.

TEMPTATION. Well, what say'st thou, Everygraduate? Art thou coming?

EVERYGRADUATE. I shall be late for supper.

TEMPTATION. Do come—there is plenty of time.

PERSEVERANCE. Everygraduate do not go!

TEMPTATION. Come!

PERSEVERANCE. NO!

TRUTH. Ah, Perseverance, in thee that rascal has met his equal.

PERSEVERANCE. Yes, thou sayest well. I shall stay as long as he.

FOLLY. Well, Everygraduate, which shall it be? Dost thou shirk us for crabbed Work? Look, how gray and worn he looks. Look at us, smiling, happy. Which shall it be?

WORK. But am I not truly happy? Everygraduate, forsake thy evil companions and come with us. We shall reveal to thee true happiness and Ambition shall bring Success to thee.

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, Success.

TEMPTATION. But, the worry and the heartache?

PERSEVERANCE. But the happiness.

KINDNESS. Yes, Everygraduate, thy dear parents, Everymother and Everyfather. It is to them thou owest the right.

CONCEIT. What sayst thou? What dost thou know? Is he not a graduate? Know thou what that signifies. He is a man full grown, ready to fight life's battles. Owe—sayst thou? He owes nothing. Did he make contract with his parents? Forsooth!

KINDNESS. Shame!

FEAR. They will quarrel.

TRUTH. Conceit, I held my tongue because I did not consider thy idle prattle of any account. But when thou speakest falsely, I tell thee—

CONCEIT. Nay, I will not hear. Come, friends.

TRUTH. Ah, thou wilt not hear truth.

EVERYGRADUATE. Friends, friends, dear friends, I do beseech thee. I love you all. I am sorry you ask me to choose between you. I would fain have all. But since you make it hard for me!—O do not know—I do so love Folly—But Success—she only will make me happy. O, if someone would only help me.

TRUTH. Thou must choose for thyself. No one can help thee.

ALL. Yes, Everygraduate must choose for himself.

TRUTH. Yes, the time has come to Everygraduate when he must decide. Speak quickly.

(ENTER CONSCIENCE.)

CONSCIENCE. So thou art still here. I've looked everywhere for thee. Thy mother is worried.

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, Conscience, dear nurse. Just in the nick of time. Look here are my friends, in factions? They have grown up with me and now would make me unhappy.

CONSCIENCE. Unhappy? How?

EVERYGRADUATE. They will not all be friends and I must choose between them.

ALL. Yes. He must decide now.

CONSCIENCE. I know them well, Everygraduate. But despair not. I shall help thee.

EVERYGRADUATE. Ah, dear Conscience I knew thou wouldst show me the way.

CONSCIENCE. Let me tell thee this. Thou wilt never lose the friendship of these altogether. (*Pointing to CONCEIT, FOLLY, etc.*) They will meet thee every now and then. So do not worry. Besides the loss of their friendship will not hurt thee any.

TRUTH and PERSEVERANCE. Ah, see!

CONSCIENCE. And look the others, they are no longer gray and cold? See thou didst not understand. Look, how bright is the lining of Industry's cloak and Truth and Kindness—how brightly she smiles, and the others—look now!

(*During the above—TRUTH and the others have thrown open their cloaks revealing beautiful bright costumes beneath—the others cover themselves with gray and black cloaks ready to depart. They stand huddled together.*)

EVERYGRADUATE. Well done—Conscience. Thou

hast shown me the way. I choose Truth, Perseverance, Industry and Kindness. They and Ambition shall help me win Success.

PICTURE.

(EXEUNT EVERYGRADUATE *with* CONSCIENCE *as falls*
the CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Same as* SCENE I:—*Lighted lamps on table.*

EVERYMOTHER *Discovered knitting.* EVERYFATHER *writing*—(ENTER EVERYBODY *before curtain*—
(*see pinned paper*) ENTER CONSCIENCE,)

EVERYBODY. Greetings, once again kind friends. Now have we intressed the distress and triumph of Everygraduate. The great question that comes into the life of Everygraduate has been answered. And who hoped for a happy answer? EVERYBODY.

EVERYMOTHER. Well, Conscience, where have you left him?

EVERYFATHER. Don't worry, Everymother. He is a big boy and can take care of himself.

EVERYMOTHER. I can't help it, Everyfather.

CONSCIENCE. He is with his friends. They are divided in factions and he is asked to choose between them. Here he is now. (ENTER EVERYGRADUATE.)

EVERYMOTHER. Ah, Everygraduate, I had begun to worry about you. What kept you so long?

EVERYFATHER. Playing as usual, I suppose. Nothing to get uneasy about.

EVERYGRADUATE. Everymother, I've made up my mind.

EVERYFATHER. Good, what shall it be? AN Engineer?

EVERYGRADUATE. NO!

EVERYMOTHER. What then, an artist?

EVERYGRADUATE. No!

EVERYFATHER. Well, I never was good at guessing. What?

EVERYGRADUATE. I know and I don't.

EVERYMOTHER *and* EVERYFATHER. (*Together*) Why what do you mean?

EVERYGRADUATE. I mean I do not know just what particular kind of work I shall do in the world, but I've learned it doesn't matter. But whatever I do, I shall do well!

EVERYFATHER. But——

EVERYGRADUATE. It is alright, Everyfather. I've given up some of my old friends haven't I, Conscience?

CONSCIENCE. Yes.

EVERYGRADUATE. I know now, they can do me little good—Folly, Fear, Conceit, Temptation and the rest. But I have dearer friends now. Kindness, Perseverance, Truth and Work. They shall help me. They promised to introduce me to Success, and perhaps Fame. To meet and win Success, Everyfather and Everymother, shall make me happy. I want her Everymother, and when I am happy, you will share my happiness with me.

EVERYMOTHER. Ah, my own dear boy.

EVERYGRADUATE. Yes—I feel it doesn't matter just what I become or do—if I but do that well and I shall do all well to win Success.

CONSCIENCE. I taught him that.

CURTAIN.

EPILOGUE.

(ENTER EVERYBODY *before curtain as before.*)

EVERYBODY. Ah, Everybody is still here and rejoices with Everygraduate. Everybody has listened and Everybody is happy. When Everygraduate wins Success, he shall take her to his heart. Who shall rejoice? Well, who really loves Success?—Everybody.

(EXIT)



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